

Radio Silence - "Lucky Will!" "I don't feel lucky"

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by [reid_simp](#)

Summary

They can hope but have no reason to believe that. He can see through Hannibal's comfort, though he must admit it's quite good to have his therapist there through his kidnapping. From what they'd seen through the serial killer's latest victims, it'll be handy to have a therapist on hand. They're going to be alive for a while before anything close to death is on the cards.

Will and Hannibal are kidnapped by a serial killer Will was catching – pre-encephalitis (or at least before it got bad) and post Garret-Jacob Hobbs (so Hannibal is his 'therapist'). No one knows Hannibal is the Chesapeake Ripper, nor will they because I just want to write a fanfic not to do with that.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Will wakes up to almost complete darkness. He doesn't know where he is, or how he got here. He doesn't remember passing out, or anything that has happened, which is particularly disconcerting. He's lying on what feels like concrete, there's a collar extremely tight around his neck, so tight he can't breathe comfortably, and another around his ankle, restricting his movement to a meter radius around the pipe in the corner he's tied to.

"Will, are you awake?" The familiar Lithuanian accent breaks through his panicked deductions. He's often used deductions to distract him from difficult situations.

If he squints and glances just out of his reach, he can see the silhouette of Dr Lecter, a collar around his ankle. If he doesn't have one around his neck, Will can assume he wasn't their target, and he himself is the priority. They clearly weren't intending to catch Hannibal as well, which means they'll be willing to sacrifice him if it means doing what they want or getting what they want from Will. Concerning. The captor must have picked him up from Hannibal's place, or just outside. He doesn't really remember. Also concerning.

"Hannibal?" He gasps. His throat scratches heavily against the metal and it hurts. It reminds Will of the situation, because profiling their captor – well, clearly captors – was distracting him from the reality of the situation. He's already feeling trapped, uncomfortable feeling around his neck even more prominent than the pain. "I don't... I don't like this."

"Me neither, Will. Don't fret, I'm sure Jack will be along soon." Hannibal seems much calmer, which is comforting. When Will had meltdowns when he was young, his parents would shut him away until he calmed down. Other times they'd shout until he stopped breathing to stop his crying; then held his breath until he passed out. Sometimes he'd shutdown so deep he wouldn't find a way out for hours, or days. He feels close to it right now. He's learned to deal with these things, push them down until he's alone, but he thinks he might not be able to if things get much worse.

"Will?" Hannibal talking reminds Will that he didn't reply the first time. That's rude; he knows that from years of masking. A whole lifetime of masking. Well, masking as much as he is able. Right now, he thinks he may not be able to.

"How did we get here?" He ignores whatever social expectations and cues he's been taught to follow, taught how 'normal people' talk. Everything his parents would grind into him. They made sure he knew when he didn't listen to them, it was the reason he'd come home from school with bruises and cuts, missing homeworks and pens. Made sure he knew it was all his fault.

He supposes Jack manipulating him into working past his limit wasn't much better, either.

"You were quite agitated, long before it happened, Will. I expect you won't remember. As I say, you were quite agitated when you came to see me." This confuses Will. He doesn't remember it at all. Although, that does happen in his weakest moments, when he cannot control his mind. When things are too much and he simply cannot cope. "You were extremely overwhelmed. You thought someone had drugged you. In fact, I strongly imagine you were correct. You also thought someone had drugged me. I don't recall much after that, I'm afraid

Will.” He pauses, notices how Will is breathing sharply, unevenly. “We mustn’t worry, Will. Jack will be along soon.”

Will knows he doesn’t mean that. They can hope but have no reason to believe that. He can see through Hannibal’s comfort, though he must admit it’s quite good to have his therapist there through his kidnapping.

From what they’d seen through the serial killer’s latest victims, it’ll be handy to have a therapist on hand. They’re going to be alive for a while before anything close to death is on the cards.

Will is slipping into dissociation, almost non-verbal by the time the metal door quite a few meters opens, letting in a little light. Sometimes talking is hard. It startles Will into the present and immediately gives him a headache. His senses aren’t working properly, and he’s overloaded. The collar around his neck is much too tight, the clothes that were fine just hours ago are itchy, and the contrast between the dark of the room and the light of the doorway is almost entirely too much.

Will finds himself covering his eyes tightly. It’s an instinct he cannot help when overwhelmed with visual stimulation. The figure that was at the door just a moment ago is suddenly kneeling right in front of him and pulling his hands away from his eyes. The sight of the man they’d been chasing, the witness Will had suspected, shocked him up so close.

Without a mask on, Will knows he intends to kill them.

Unless Jack finds him, there’s no chance of getting out of here alive. Judging by the pain around his neck and ankle, Will knows escape isn’t an option.

“You’ve seen the file, Mr Graham, the genius profiler, the consultant to the FBI-” he loudly sounds out each letter of FBI, right into Will’s ear in a way that makes Will sure he knows about the undiagnosed diagnoses. “You know who I am? What I’ve done?”

Will nods, trying to shake the killer’s – Jason Hamomile – hands off his wrists, failing. They’re tight, burning around his wrists, threatening to send Will under. He’s trying to focus on the case, like he’s been doing all this time, but he thinks it’s getting to be too much now. “We’re going to have so much fun together,” he whispers into Will’s ear, spitting right into the hole at the end of his sentence.

Will can’t speak. He opens his mouth to say something a FBI profiler would say. He knows what he should say, but it stops somewhere in his throat. It stops and he can’t control it. “Cat got your tongue, Mr Graham?”

“Mr Hamomile, I’m sure there is a sufficient way for us to resolve this matter peacefully.”

“Dr Lecter! I’d almost forgotten about you!” Releasing his hands and wandering over to Hannibal, Will tries to stim but the movement jostles his neck and his ankle, and he thinks if it were a little lighter, he’d be able to see that they were bleeding. Jason’s conversation with Hannibal is muffled, and Will is trying to stay in the present, because he’s the closest to FBI in this room, and Hannibal has been caught up in his mess.

After a while, Jason returns to Will. This time, he doesn't kneel in front of him, instead towering over him in a much too similar manner to how his father used to when he'd curled up under his mother's dressing table. He towers over him with a handgun, and he plays around with the chamber, spinning it around. "I'm sure you're familiar with this game. I have one bullet in this gun. I'll spin, you give me a number, and I'll shoot it in the wall one less, the final one at you. If you're still alive, I'll take the bullet and kill a poor innocent. Perhaps a mother, this time. I have a long list of innocents to kill. And then I'll come back and do it again. Who knows; maybe you're guess will be wrong. Maybe no one else will have to die."

He sounds awfully excited. It concerns Will. He forces out speech. "W- What I... if I don't want...to.... to play?"

"Oh, Mr Graham; I'm sure you can only imagine what can happen if you don't want to play. Not just to Dr Lecter here, but more poor innocents than necessary. I'm sure you wouldn't want that, poor caring little Mr Graham."

Will goes silent then, unable to think of a response. Jason spins the gun, then clicking it into place. It's too dark for Will to even guess where the bullet could be. "Go on, number between one and six. You can't pick the same number more than once, of course. Odds would be far too in your favour if you picked one each time."

Will picks one, of course. It kills him, but self-preservation is his priority right now. Someone will die anyway. Jack has it drilled into his head that stopping profiling means Will would stop saving lives. He needs to stall, in the hope Jack may find them. And that means trying to win this game. Or drag out his losing, is more likely.

Hannibal's hand is reaching out, in support. Though they aren't close enough to be able to touch, Will appreciates the kindness. The gun is against his head. Will can't breathe.

The odds in his favour, the gun clicks. Empty. "Lucky Will!" Jason shouts. "Unlucky for the poor sod I'm going to see now. I do wonder if I should take her children, too..." The last thing Jason says as he exits the room.

"I don't feel lucky," Will whispers, mostly to himself.

Will is shaking heavily, death of a family on his hands. "Will," Hannibal starts, in a thankfully low tone. "This is not your fault. Everything you are doing is for a reason. You deserve to leave here. No one can blame you for staying alive."

Will can't stop shaking. He's slipping in and out of awareness. He... can't.

When Jason arrives sometime later, he's purposefully left the blood on his hands, and sprayed on his face. His case was horrific for its amount of blood. Will throws up. He doesn't want to because it's showing weakness, but he can't help himself. He throws up then almost chokes up his on breath.

Jason doesn't allow him a moment, holding the gun against his head after spinning the chamber. "Two to six, Mr Graham. What'll it be?"

Despite the guilt he feels, Will feels unable to say anything other than two. He can't breathe. Can barely function. Click.

Click.

And in that moment, despite feeling very much alive, Will thinks he might just want to die. He can't control the tears which, though silent, are all-encompassing. Jason, clearly pleased with the result, swiftly leaves the room. He doesn't need to say a word this time. The damage has been done.

He hyperventilates until he passes out, despite Hannibal trying to calm him down. Upon waking up, he falls into a dissociation which mostly seems the same as when he was passed out. Same level of consciousness.

Three more rounds of much the same, and each time Jason smears the blood on Will's skin; his face and arms and stomach. Each time, Will spends less time in conscious thought.

Will doesn't know what will happen when he has to say six. Because the sixth case has to have a bullet. Not much he can do about it. "Six," he whispers, barely audible.

To Will's luck, the gun clicks five times. Luck? Prolonging his agony.

The gun clicks again.

"It's funny. There never were any bullets. I don't particularly like guns; they lack the intimacy." He doesn't say another word, dropping the empty, useless gun just out of Will's reach and leaving the room.

"Will?" Hannibal attempts tentatively. "Jack will find us soon. That's what we were stalling for, right?" He pauses. "Jack will be here soon."

That's when Will breaks down. It starts with fluttering eyelids. It ends with screaming and stimming that hurts himself, but which Hannibal can't get close enough to stop, or even try to help. It ends with Will passing out from exhaustion.

They are left alone for almost two days. Hannibal has lost hope. Will has practically lost himself. Shaking constantly, the only breaks being when he lost consciousness from not breathing enough. He's dizzy. Despite hardly being able to see, what he can see is blurry. He spends most of his time assessing the gun.

He can't cope.

This is far more than he can cope with.

Jack bursts through the door in the second day of being left alone. He bursts through the door and Will doesn't even notice.

End Notes

posting this at half past midnight on the morning of the 7th cause i got excited

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